

Threshold

The home calls.

Voiced by birds, hovering high above fate,
gently settling in reflective skies, across the hazy sea,
with unpredictable tides, telling lies of liberation.

Not all is as it seems.

From dusk until dawn, the house stands tall. Its windows awake and wide.

A solemn door, locked and still, protects the precious content inside,
of loved ones and loved things, frozen in time,
unchanged, untouched, unconsciously mine.

A watchful mind smooths out the deep deceptions.

The longest of love lingers in the soft swells around me.

And with breaths of wistful winds, my return is fated, to be
back home and be master of my past and my future.

This time of mine passes with a differing pace.

The lost years to be replaced, regained, returned with consequence.

I exist as a hope in the mind of those I love,
seized by melancholy, frozen in memory.

Unfenced, I drift.

Resting upon the endless surface of the fruitless sea, who offers treasures
beyond rational means and measure.

Many fish out their folly within its glinting glaze,
soul submerged within its untamable tide.

I dream of swift ships and sweet native land.

My blood, strong with war, youth and yielding,

a beating lion heart, brave and unbending,
far from the sea, so it will be.

The clear bright eyes of the stars watch over me,
sparkling through the midnight tapestry.

Trapping my wildly homesick desires
to fuel their powerful, unearthly fires.

Not all is as it seems.

Without warning, without a whisper,
claws of clouds rip through the sky.

Winds stir up the sacred serenity,
immortal forces, fierce and foreign
delt their hand to keep me from home.

Swept away, stolen from my fate, only
bright eyes and watery mouths could save me.

Delivering my banished, broken body
to once again touch, life-giving earth.

Sheltering beneath the two halves of his world,
a foreigner beneath the branches embrace
of smooth olive and sharp thorn, heaping up warmth.
Camouflaging, concealing, ribbed by new robes.

With cloak and mask, I become a pretender.
Each threshold I pass summons a new creature.
A different version with perfectly clear lies.
A master of me. A fake in disguise.

My life still a theory, a chance, an unfilled fate.

The lost years to be replaced, regained, returned with consequence.

Each threshold I cross I consider a mask

to stop me from losing, from ending, from being nothing more
than a man with nothing.

Clothed and concealed, I journey on,
weaved tightly with well-stitched, long needled lies.

My many masks, making themselves at home,
welcoming a new dawn with rose-tinted skies

Within my many minds, home remains the same
but the sunset and the dawn always break again,
repeating, returning with endless blooms.

Tinted and touched lightly with earthly perfume.

With every threshold I cross, I change, I morph,
to save myself, preserve my past and my future.

Misty mind, like misty seas,
an illusion to keep me safe from me.

From dusk until dawn, my house stands tall. Its windows awake and wide.

A solemn door, locked and still, protects the precious content inside,
Of loved ones and loved things, frozen in time,
Unchanged, untouched, unconsciously mine.

I arrive
home.